

SCOTTSVILLE

Special to The Courier

SCOTTSVILLE, August 3.—While the day was not very hot, the rain that came in Sunday afternoon was of great benefit to the gardeners here, who were concerned with the growth of their plants. The rain was a good deal of help, and one of the earliest of the season. The result was that the plants were all well and growing. The rain was a very good thing, and the plants were all well and growing.

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MOUNT PLEASANT

MOUNT PLEASANT, August 3.—The first church service of the season was held at the Mount Pleasant church on Sunday morning. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was attended by a large number of people. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was attended by a large number of people. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was attended by a large number of people.

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HOW RESINOL
CLEARS AWAY
UGLY PIMPLES

It is no easy to get rid of pimples and blackheads with Resinol, and it costs so little, too, that anyone who has a face disfigured by these pests is foolish to keep on with useless cosmetics, or complicated "beauty treatments." See how simply it is done.

Wash your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and hot water, then apply a little Resinol Ointment very gently. Let this stay on ten minutes, and wash off with Resinol Soap and more hot water, flushing with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, leaving the complexion clear and velvety.

Resinol stops itching instantly, and speedsily heals skin blemishes. Resinol Ointment and soap sold by all druggists. For free trial size write Dept. KK, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

OHIOVILLE

OHIOVILLE, August 3.—The first church service of the season was held at the Ohioville church on Sunday morning. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was attended by a large number of people. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was attended by a large number of people. The service was held at 10 o'clock and was attended by a large number of people.

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Sale of Goods from Receivers of H. B. Claffin Co.

EVERY DAY A BARGAIN DAY

At the Big Store and it is a source of deep gratification to us that such extraordinary opportunities as made possible by selling the receiver's stocks of the \$35,000,000 failure of the H. B. Claffin Company, of New York, can be presented now to the people of this community.

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Read this Ad "carefully" Few words never before have expressed so much value. In each line is condensed immense saving news for you.

Washed Table Linen 55 and 60 inches wide, regular 35c a yard	18c	Children's \$1.50 Colored Dresses sizes 6 to 14	89c
Fine grade Bleached Muslin, Lonsdale, Hlope etc., 12 1/2c klud, a yard	9c	Five 50c Sheets size 72x90 inches, very good value worth fully 50c now	39c
White Dimity and Barred Lawns, fine assortment values up to 15c a yard	8c	Bleached Canton Flannel, fine quality, sells everywhere for 10c now	6c
Wash Towels trimmed with wide red borders regular 15c each now	9c	Heavy Unbleached Shooting 36 inches wide, sells everywhere for not less than 10c, now	5c
Rub-Dry Bath Towels large size extra heavy regular 25c each, now	17c	Pillow Cases size 42x36 and 45x36, good quality, bleached, regular 15c now	10c
Bleached Four-Quarter Sheeting, nice, soft finish actually 8c value, now	7c	\$1.25 to \$2.95 Princess Shirts gowns and combination underwear all new patterns, now	\$1.39
Pillow Cases size 42x36 and 45x36, made of good heavy bleached muslin, regularly 19c, now	12 1/2c	All Silk Dresses fine for street or evening wear, all the new wanted shades and colors, now	1/2 off
Bleached Table Damask, heavy weight silver bleached worth fully 25c, now	17c	The finest wash dresses in our entire stock; your unrestricted choice now	\$4.65
Bleached Table Linen full-bleached all pure linen, double damask, 72 inches, regular 75c now	55c	A fine selection of gowns embroidery and lace trimmed worth fully 95c, now	59c
Bed Spreads White crocheted good quality and good size, now	59c	75c Blankets, white included, now per pair	49c
Mohawk Sheets, size 87x90, one of the best known brands of sheets now	69c	\$1.50 and \$1.25 blankets good weight with fine variety of borders, now	79c
One Lot of Skirts, \$1.50 to \$6.50 values, extra special	\$1.95	Woolen blankets, heavy weight, beautiful designs plain or checks, now	\$2.95
Children's \$1.00 and \$1.25 Colored Dresses—sizes 6 to 11 in all the season's newest styles now	69c	Crib Blankets variety of patterns and colors, regular price 50c, now	39c

KOBACKER'S
THE BIG STORE
ON PITTSBURG STREET.

CONFIDENCE

CONFIDENCE, August 3.—The new building in the center of the town is almost completed and will be ready to receive the finishing touch. The building is a fine example of modern architecture and will be a great credit to the town.

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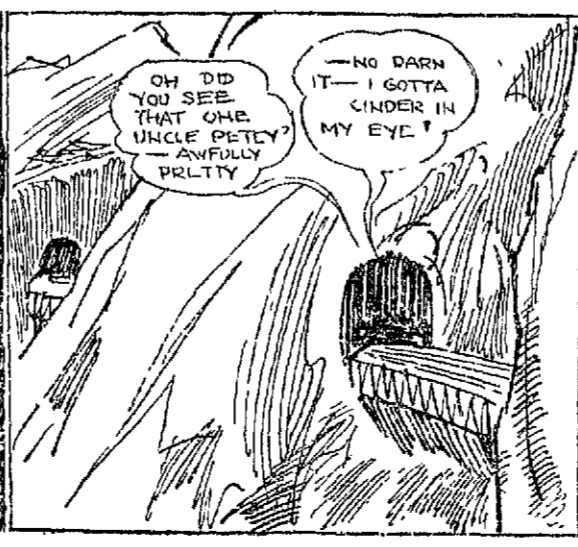
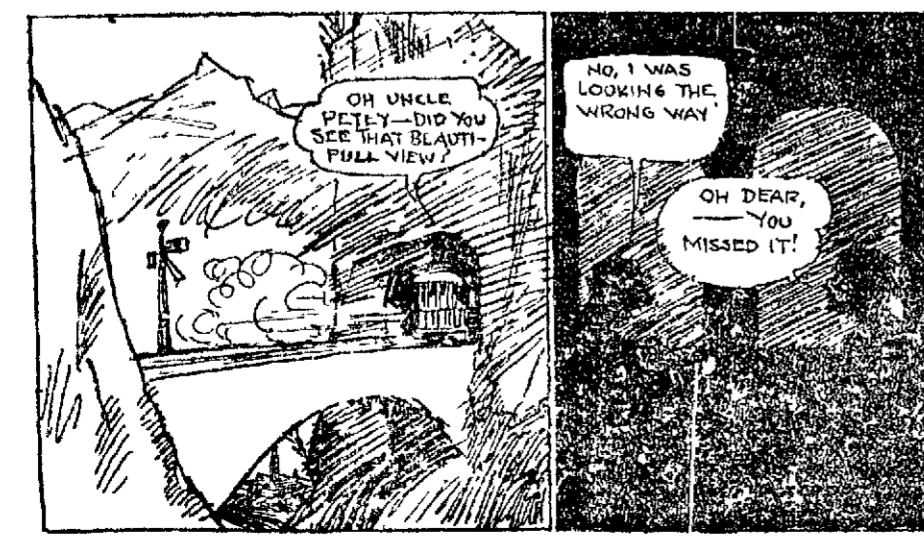
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PETEY ABROAD—Swiss Railroads Are Like Swiss Cheese—Full of Holes.



PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY COURIER.

By C. A. Voight.

Do You Feel Chilly?
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Feverish and Ache all Over?

Feel worn out—blue and tired? Don't let your cold develop into bronchitis, pneumonia or catarrh. The reliable alternative and tonic which has proven its value in the past 40 years is

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Restores activity to the liver and to the circulation—the blood is purified, the digestion and appetite improved and the whole body feels the invigorating force of this extract of native medicinal plants. In consequence, the heart, brain and nerves feel the refreshing influence. For over 40 years this reliable remedy has been sold in liquid form by all medicine dealers. It can now also be obtained in tablet form in \$1.00 and 50c boxes. If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 60-cent stamps to H. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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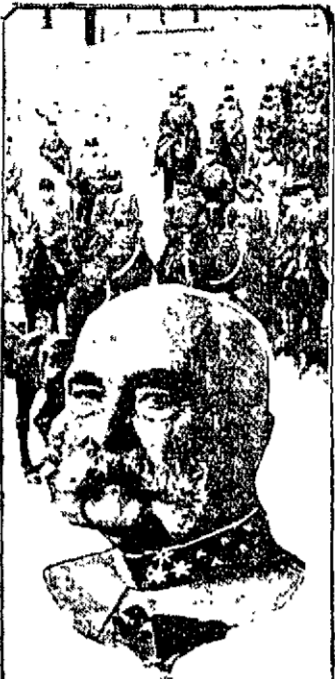
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The Triple Alliance

Germany, Austria and Italy Joined In Strong Bond For Offensive and Defensive War

By ERNEST WELLECK.
(Copyright, 1914, by American Press Association)

THE triple alliance at present existing between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy was originally formed on May 20, 1882, and renewed from time to time, the last time on Dec. 7, 1912. It was the crowning masterpiece and, next to the unification of Germany, the greatest diplomatic achievement of Prince Bismarck, Germany's great "iron chancellor." It was really the outgrowth of the dual alliance between Germany and Austria, concluded on Oct. 7, 1879, and signed at Vienna by Count Andrassy, then Austria-Hungary minister of foreign affairs, and Prince Reuss, at that time German ambassador at the Austrian court.

In his "Reminiscences" Prince Bismarck with remarkable candor explained the considerations which prompted him to form the alliance with Austria. He realized the necessity of preventing Germany against aggression by an alliance with another great power. An alliance with France for obvious reasons, was out of the question. The choice was between Russia and Austria-Hungary. Russia did not best the long with his decision in favor of Austria.

He knew that Russia would be a more powerful ally but with his usual reason and far-sighted foresight he realized that if in an alliance would in the end be fatal to the national and racial interests of the Teutonic peoples of Europe. He foresaw the tremendous growth of pan-Slavism so carefully nurtured and disseminated by Russia and Austria at the supremacy in Europe of the Slavs, with Russia as the ruling power. Bismarck knew that Austria, in a greater measure even, was threatened by the ascendancy of the Slavs and had even more reason than Germany to fear Russian aggression and interference, particularly in the Balkan peninsula.

Austria as a Bulwark.
The preservation of Austria as a bulwark against pan-Slavism was considered necessary by Bismarck to maintain the balance of power in Europe and insure the continuance of peace. Racial clashes, national traditions and common interests strongly favored Austria as the natural ally of Germany, and these considerations induced the chancellor to conclude the defensive alliance of 1879.

Under the terms of the original treaty the two powers were to combine their entire military strength for mutual support in case either of the two powers should be attacked by Russia. Should one of the two allied powers be attacked by some other power the other agreed not to support the attacking power and to preserve at least a neutral state friendly to the allied power. Should Russia support the attacking power, however, the two allies should make common cause against the enemy as if Russia had been the aggressor.

The terms of the alliance were rather ascribed and lacked the element of reciprocity. Under the agreement the two allied powers were bound to support one the other only against Russia. But only Austria was in imminent danger of being attacked by Russia. Germany's most dangerous enemy was France and not Russia. Yet, under the terms of the alliance, Austria was bound only to preserve a state of friendly neutrality should Germany be attacked by France. To protect the interests of Germany Bismarck arranged in 1887 a neutrality treaty with Russia, which was canceled, however, a few years later by his successor, Caprivi.

Italy Versus France.
Italy entered the triple alliance in 1882, soon after the French invasion of Tunisia had roused the Italian people to a point of wrath and bitterness which for the moment quite extinguished all ancient grudges toward Austria and even temporarily quieted the agitation for the "redemption" of the Trentino and Trieste.

This Italian bitterness toward France lasted until 1889. In its fiercest moments it provoked a tariff war which cost Italy many millions. The military expenditures necessary to keep Italy up to her engagements with her allies cost still more. As for Tunisia, it remained French, and in 1890 and 1902 France and Italy recognized France in Tunisia and Morocco as well. France agreed to an ultimate Italian protectorate in Tripoli.

With these treaties the Italian enthusiasm for the Austria-German alliance cooled visibly. The Italian desire to include in the kingdom the Italian speaking territories of Austria roused itself. Finally the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina brought Italy face to face with the possibility of a future Austrian expansion along the Adriatic in Albania, and the increasing strength of the Austrian fleet raised questions concerning the mastery of the Adriatic which profoundly stirred the whole nation.

Italy's Army Divided.
With the Tripolitan expedition the last sentimental connection with Berlin and Vienna vanished, if any still survived. From Berlin came a denunciation of Italian aggression which fairly astounded the Italians. While Paris journals viewed with calmness and even with a certain measure of sympathy Italian expansion, which French newspapers had legitimized, German newspapers denounced Italy as a worthless and perfidious ally and gave ready currency to reports of the brutality of Italian troops.

To all these sources of Italian bitterness there is now added the serious change in conditions the Tripolitan expedition has brought. Henceforth for many years a large Italian army will have to be kept in Tripoli. But in the event of a war between the triple alliance and the triple entente British and French fleets would command the communication with the Italian peninsula, while Egyptian and Algerian armies would be able to invade Tripoli itself. By her African expedition Italy has in a measure given hostages to the sea powers.

Weakened as an Ally.
As for the German aspect of the case, the Italian course toward Turkey weakened Italy manifestly as an ally since it diminished her European army and increased her vulnerability to Anglo-French attack. But, what was even more serious, it shattered the bonds between Germany and Turkey because, although Germany had assumed the position of a protector of Turkey and in return counted upon the Turkish army as a reinforcement to the armies of the triple alliance, she was obliged to stand aside and permit her ally to attack and dismember her friend.

As for Austria, for nearly a dozen years the statement of the dual monarchy has perceived the change in the direction of Italian ambition.

Trieste, the Trentino, the Bosnian annexation, the future of Albania—all of these are points where Italian and Austrian designs conflicted, and for several years Austria has been building forts from the Tyrol to the Gulf of Cattaro and preparing for a conflict with Italy.

Based on Three Treaties.

The original triple alliance of 1882 was concluded for a term of five years, and when it expired in 1887 the French and other radical factions in Italy strongly opposed the renewal of the agreement. It required all the influence and political persuasion of Premier Crispien to bring Italy into line. In 1891 the treaty was again renewed, as it was in 1892, but with added distrust and opposition on the part of Italy. The last renewal was for a term of twelve years, and in 1904 the alliance, somewhat modified in its terms, was renewed for ten years, with the provision that any one of the contracting powers had the right to cancel its adherence to the alliance by giving notice one year before the expiration of the treaty.

The last renewal of the alliance was made on Dec. 7, 1912, two years before the expiration of the agreement, and it is understood that this premature renewal was due to the fact that certain changes in the treaty were necessary so as to make the alliance more binding in view of the expected complications in the Balkan peninsula resulting from the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina by Austria and the war in the Balkans.

The triple alliance is based upon three treaties, the first between Germany and Austria, the second between Germany and Italy, and the third between Austria and Italy. The terms of the treaty between Germany and Austria are practically the same as those of the original treaty of 1879 and are directed against Russia. The German-Austrian treaty provides for mutual assistance in case either of the two powers should be attacked by France. By the terms of the treaty between Austria and Italy friendly neutrality is assured by Italy should Austria be attacked by Russia, and by Austria, should Italy be attacked by France. The terms of the treaties between Germany and Italy and between Austria and Italy have never been made public. The German-Austrian agreement, however, was published on Feb. 3, 1888, at the instigation of Bismarck, to put a stop to Russia's warlike preparations.

The Fleet of Italy.
Ostensibly the treaties upon which the alliance is based provide only for the conduct and attitude of the contracting powers in the event of war with Russia or France.

There is little doubt, however, that under these general terms specifications were made as to the conduct of each of the powers interested in time of peace. It thus became evident soon after the rearrangement of the treaty by Bismarck and Crispien at Friedrichshagen, in the spring of 1887, that Italy had undertaken to maintain a formidable fleet on the Mediterranean, while as a quid pro quo Italian agricultural products were to have convenient access to Germany and Austria. It is also evident that since Germany has begun to construct a modern fleet, Italy has not maintained the fleet of the late eighties in first class order or augmented it by distinctively modern craft.

Great Britain and the Empire.
The British Isles—that is, England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, with the adjacent islands—constitute but one sixtieth part of the British empire. Australia alone is more than twenty-five times larger than Great Britain.

Curious Sundial.
In a Welsh cemetery there is a stone cross marking a grave that also serves as a sundial, the hours being marked on the upright to receive the shadow of the crossbeam.

ROOSEVELT TELLS OF QUEER GAME

How Indians in Brazil Play Football With Their Heads.

HANDS KEPT OFF THE BALL

Players Show Marvellous Dexterity, and Their Rackless Disregard of the Chances of Personal Injury Amazes the Uninitiated Onlookers—Colonel Describes Extraordinary Spiders.

(From Colonel Roosevelt's fifth article describing his journey in the Brazilian wilderness in Southern Amazonia for Amazon, 1911. Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A unique game of football, played with the head by the Parecis Indians, is one of the unusual things described by the colonel. He writes as follows: These Parecis Indians enthusiastically play football with their heads. The game is not only native to them, but I have never heard or read of its being played by any other tribe or people. They use a light hollow rubber ball of their own manufacture. It is circular and about eight inches in diameter.

The players are divided into two sides and stationed much as in association football, and the ball is placed on the ground to be put in play as in football. Then a player runs forward, throws himself flat on the ground and butts the ball toward the opposite side.

A Remarkable Performance.

This first butt, when the ball is on the ground, never lifts it much, and it rolls and bounces toward the opponents. One or two of the latter run toward it; one throws himself flat on his face and butts the ball back. Usually this butt lifts it, and it flies back in a curve well up in the air, and an opposite player, rushing toward it, catches it on his head with such a swing of his body and such a quick pivot and address that the ball bounces back through the air as a football serves after a drop kick.

If the ball flies off to one side or the other it is brought back and again put in play. Often it will be sent to and fro a dozen times, from head to head, until finally it rises with a sweep that it passes far over the heads of the opposite players a distance behind them. Then the rolling cries of good humored triumph from the players, and the game instantly begins again with fresh energy.

There are, of course, no such rules as in a specialized ball game of civilization, and I saw no disputes. There may be eight or ten or many more players on each side. The ball is never touched with the hands or feet or with anything except the top of the head. It is hard to decide whether to wonder most at the dexterity and strength with which it is hit or butted with the head as it comes down through the air or at the reckless speed and skill with which the players throw themselves headlong on the ground to return the ball if it comes low down. Why they do not grind off their noses I cannot imagine.

Wonderful Colony of Spiders.
We came across many queer insects. One red grasshopper when it flew seemed as big as a small sparrow, and it passed in some places such multitudes of active little green grasshoppers that they frightened the natives. At our camping place we saw an extraordinary colony of spiders. It was among some dwarf trees, standing a few yards apart from one another by the water.

When we reached the camping place early in the afternoon—the pack train did not get in until nearly sunset, but ahead of the rain—the spiders were out. They were under the leaves of the trees. Their webs were tenanted and indeed for the most part were broken down. But at dusk they came out from their hiding places, two or three hundred of them in all, and at once began to spin their webs. Each spun its own circular web and sat in the middle, and each web was connected on several sides with other webs, while those nearest the trees were hung to them by spun ropes, so to speak.

The result was a kind of sheet of web consisting of scores of wheels, in each of which the owner and proprietor sat, and there were half a dozen such sheets, each extending between two trees. The webs could hardly be seen, and the effect was of scores of big, formidable looking spiders poised in mid-air, equidistant from one another between each pair of trees.

When darkness and rain fell they were still out fixing their webs and puncturing on the occasional insects that blundered into the web. I have no question that they are nocturnal, they certainly hide in the daytime, and it seems impossible that they can come out only for a few minutes at dusk.

Speaker Clark's Bridal Spoon.
The "Champ Clark wedding spoon" was shown in Washington and young friends of the speaker and his family who marry may expect to be the recipients of a unique gift. The spoon was devised by the speaker when he received an invitation to the wedding of one of his young acquaintances. The spoon is made of silver and bears a portrait of the speaker in bas-relief.

When you forget there are others who are nearing a burned bridge.

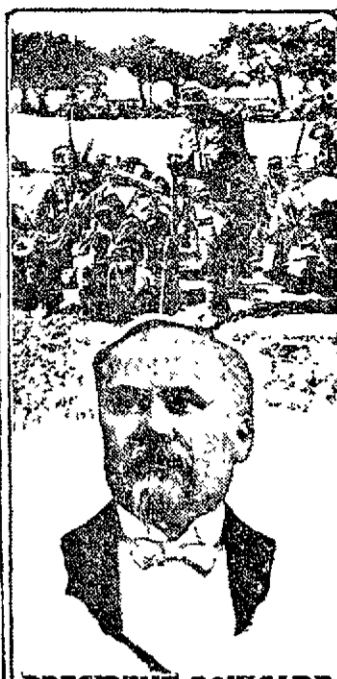
THE TRIPLE ENTENTE



**CZAR NICHOLAS
AND COSSACKS.
TOTAL WAR STRENGTH
5,500,000**



**KING GEORGE
AND BRITISH ARTILLERY.
ARMY WAR FOOTING
730,000**



**PRESIDENT POINCARÉ
AND FRENCH INFANTRY.
ARMY WAR STRENGTH
4,000,000**

The Triple Entente

Great Britain, Russia and France Allied For Joint Armed Action to Protect Common Interests

By CAPTAIN GEORGE L. KILMER.
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THE triple entente, a friendly bond between Russia, England and France, is a legacy which Edward VII. of England left to posterity. He was the moving spirit in its formation. It began with an agreement entered into between Great Britain and France and was completed by a later agreement with Russia and the two others in 1907.

Its formation was actuated by several things, but chiefly by the growth of Germany's naval power. That could be interpreted only as a menace to England, for England is the supreme lord of the seas.

England's indignation into the understanding between Russia and France made the triple entente a formidable force to reckon with if united in action.

Anglo-French Agreement of 1904.

The Anglo-French agreement, so called, of 1904 was rather a diplomatic compromise than an agreement. France conceded certain rights claimed on the "French share" of Newfoundland for an indemnity. England on her part recognized the claims and ambitions of France in Morocco, in other words a free hand in that sphere. France agreed not to fortify opposite Gibraltar, accepted British occupation of Egypt, and England guaranteed the neutrality of the Suez canal. Other agreements covered thirty years free trading in Egypt and Morocco and minor disputed boundaries.

Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907.

The Anglo-Russian convention of 1907 regulates the interests in west and central Asia, and amounted, when made to practical abandonment of the traditional hostility of England to Russia; also removing the chances of collision in Asia, where the two nations had long been in a state of antagonistic contact. In Persia, Tibet and Afghanistan, England agreed not to seek concessions in certain parts of Persia, and Russia to observe the same rule in other parts. In their respective spheres of influence either power might use force to collect debts. Afghanistan Russia declared outside of her sphere, and both powers agreed to negotiate as to Tibet, through China.

The Triple Entente in 1914.

The arrangement and terms of the triple entente have been formally set forth as follows:

The aims of the triple entente, so called, Great Britain, France and Russia, are:

First—The balance of power. Second—Strengthening of the treaty law in the interests of peace and the status quo.

Third—Disarmament.

In April, 1904, the entente was made between France and England. This year when King George of England visited Paris in April there was much speculation among statesmen and publicists about the possible transformation of the entente into an alliance. This notwithstanding the fact that in 1907 Russia had become a member of the entente, making a tripartite.

The difference between an entente and an alliance is said to resemble on its face that between tweed and tweedledee, but in fact it may be very much more. An alliance may be just as much stronger than an entente, as

an entente is stronger than no relation whatsoever. The triple entente at present is a series of dual understandings between three powers.

In fact, it may be said of all these alliances between the great powers that they are entered into with great caution and a determination on the part of the statesmen not to go too far, not to commit themselves to alliances which may entangle them in broils with nations with which they really have no quarrel. An instance of this caution is found in the so called entente of Great Britain in 1907 in the sphere of the triple alliance. Friendly ship between Italy, a party to the triple alliance, and England is traditional. The triple alliance was alleged to be hostile to Great Britain, yet Italy could not feel that in some spheres she had, with respect to Great Britain, a common policy.

While this was for some time a mere understanding, it was of such importance that Lord Lansdowne said on one occasion in the house of lords, "If the status quo in the Mediterranean should be disturbed, this country might find itself acting in co-operation with Italy." The bearing of that remark upon the Italian relations with Germany and Austria, the other two parties to the triple alliance, was made plain by the Italian prime minister in 1906, when he said that, "Cordially faithful to the triple alliance we shall maintain our traditional intimacy with Great Britain and our sincere friendship with France, thus continuing the policy which in carefully fostering the harmony of international relations, permits us to exercise a rule of concord and peace in the council of nations."

The Entente's Rival.

The triple entente appears to have sprung from a desire on the part of England to check Russian and French aggressiveness—that is to say, by ally itself with these two powers and securing a balance of power in the entente it might be able to hold its co-partners within bounds. For instance, in any quarrel in which either France or Russia, or both combined, might engage, England would not consider itself bound to join with them, but would as a matter of justice or policy seek to restrain them. For this reason the position that the triple entente as a whole may take, or that the individual powers to the agreement may take in a crisis like that of a quarrel between a member of the triple alliance and a petty power, is usually a matter for slow deliberation.

However, in any event the attitude of the two combinations, the triple alliance and the triple entente, toward each other, in a crisis makes important the relative strength of each. It is estimated that the war footing of the triple alliance—that is, Austria, Germany, Italy—is 8,900,000 men in round numbers. To offset this military strength of the nations which Austria may call to her assistance in case of aggression by any one of the three powers in the triple entente there are approximately 10,000,000 men. The troops of the Balkan states, Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro and Bulgaria as well as of Greece, are trained veterans today, having emerged recently from arduous campaigns against Turkey.

Relative Fighting Strength.

Assuming that the war must spread from the local field to other strategic

points, the strength of the three great powers of the entente is of vital moment. Russia is believed to have at least 5,500,000 soldiers in its army when the full war strength of its establishment is called out. The estimate for France is 2,500,000 to 4,000,000, while that of Great Britain is less than a fifth of that of Russia and less than one-half of the minimum of France, being about 750,000 men. In a clash between the three great powers of the triple alliance and the three of the triple entente the matter must necessarily play a great part, if not the chief part.

Just what the objective will be when the great forces are launched forth upon foreign soil can only be determined by the exigencies of the campaign. If it is a seacoast or port then the navy may virtually decide the struggle before the army gets to the field to strike its blow.

Navies in the Entente.

Russia's naval complement today is approximately 200 vessels. Of this number thirteen are battleships, six armored cruisers, eight cruisers, nine torpedo boats, thirty-two submarines. Aiming to waylay an enemy's navy and prevent its reaching a certain point or uniting with the navy of a friendly power, the cruisers and destroyers and auxiliary vessels would be able to do good work.

The naval strength of France is nearly three times that of her co-partner, Russia. France already has two Dreadnoughts, twenty-seven other battleships, twenty-two armored cruisers, fifteen cruisers, eighty-four destroyers, three hundred and twenty-four torpedo boats and seventy-eight submarines. Thus France alone would make a very good showing against Germany alone on the sea, Germany having fewer vessels in number than France, or against Austria and Italy combined, the three hundred and four vessels against the five hundred and fifty-two of France. Germany is stronger in battleships than France, but not so strong in armored cruisers nor in torpedo boats.

Great Britain's Sea Power.

A great European conflict is almost unthinkable unless the tremendous sea power of Great Britain would play a part. England's naval force is greater than that of France, if the number of vessels in a navy is to be taken as an indication of its effective strength. England has thirteen of the class of super-Dreadnoughts, of which class no power in the triple alliance has even one about today, although Germany has three in the process of building. As for Dreadnoughts, of which Germany has seventeen, Great Britain has sixteen to supplement her thirteen super-Dreadnoughts and forty-eight other battleships as against the thirty of this class in the German navy. In cruisers and destroyers, torpedo boats and submarines, vessels for speed and rapid action, England is again the superior of Germany.

Great Britain's destroyers number two hundred and fifteen, Germany's destroyers one hundred and forty-one; Great Britain's torpedo boats number one hundred and eighteen as against Germany's forty-seven, and Great Britain's submarines number seventy-seven to offset twenty-seven in the navy of the Kaiser.

Force of Habit.

"What is the price of a ticket to Montbrassan?" "Umphry-seven dollars and umphry-steen cents," said the agent, displaying several yards of yellow pasteboard. "I am just shopping," said the lady absently. "Can you cut me off a sample?"—Chicago Tribune.

Dehra Doon.

Dehra Doon is the picturesque name of a fertile valley in the northern part of Hindustan, at the base of the outermost slope of the Himalaya mountains.

The IMPOSSIBLE BOY

by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES
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Gypsies and artists, society folk, reckless Bohemians, bold conspirators and a performing bear unite to keep this story peeling down the road to Arcady. From the care-free life of wandering gypsies along the highway you are carried to the strange, gayest spot in Gotham's fascinating Bohemia.

CHAPTER I.

Of Introductions.
"You see, Mr. Jones, so many people are introduced, who never really meet," said Pedro, "that it seems a pity those who could meet have to wait for an introduction, eh?"

Mr. Jones stopped licking his front paw, and raised his head, the tip of his nose twitching attentively. For several moments he looked at Pedro with an unwavering stare, and then he thought suddenly remembering what he had been about, resumed the lavatorial process. It might be mentioned in passing that Mr. Jones was a small brown bear, fat, young and intelligent.

Pedro rolled over in the dried yellow grass, luxuriating in its warmth, and in the poignant odor of autumn foliage turned to flame by long absorption of the summer sun. To the youth lying in the stubby grass life seemed just now to hold all too many possibilities, and he was filled with a sort of self-pity, because he could not grasp them all.

Although it was only mid-afternoon he had already stolen away from Beau-Jean, Rico and the others, in order to fight out the battle of an important decision in privacy. But now that he was alone with his problem and his bear he found himself afraid of the former, and to put off the evil moment when he must think in good earnest he talked to the animal. The last reached out a slim, brown hand and took up one of the newly loved paws.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said he solemnly. "I am delighted to meet you—That's how they do it, eh? Now, I call it silly that some one had to say a charm before two others are permitted to make an inquiry after the health! What do you think, Mr. Jones?"

The bear gave a little grunt and thrust his nose into the boy's palm.

"Ah! I knew you would agree," exclaimed Pedro. He gave the creature a car of affectionate twerk and then spread his slender length upon the ground again.

"I liked that girl," he continued aloud, "you should have seen her, Mr. Jones. She had red hair. Not horrid red, but red gold like—like joy. All eyes and curling it was. And such a beautiful pale face. She looked at me, you must know, but I did not dare to speak, because she would not have noticed me, and that would have been a tragedy. Why should I speak to a ragged young man to whom I have never been introduced? Of course she would not! I wish she had, though, because I liked her. . . . But I could look at her. That was something! There was a line, a smile, from her chin to the base of her throat—ah!"

He rolled over again, burying his face in his folded arms. One long sigh escaped him and then a second, for the mention of that beautiful line from breast to chin had reawakened his subconscious problem—the problem of his future and of his life work. Happy as he was, he could no longer put off a decision regarding it. The crying to get at the occupation nearest his heart had been gathering strength these many months past and was now straining at the leash of his will, leading him from one dearly loved way of life to another, scarcely tried, yet which called him consciously. Was he to continue free—a mere dancer of bears? But free? Or must he be at last become a painter, chained to his work by ties as strong as those which held his bear, for all they would be inevitable.

Before his mental vision arose the picture of what he would find in art and in painting. The splendor of cities, teeming multitudes of men and women. Shops, lights, color, movement, broad boulevards adorned by the equipages of the rich; narrow alleys where the poor jostled and bawled at push-carts in the murky glare of lamps, visions of broad road floors, spreading acre on acre, mile on mile—a veritable ocean of roofs stretching far as eye could see, covering more pain and passion than the heart could know, more colored with joy than the hand could depict.

But how could he let go the infinite variety of every day? Ah! he could not. It was impossible! Rejoice the long, white road that led to nowhere yet which brought one to a new place each hour? Rejoice the nights spent beneath the open heavens the sweet summer nights among the meadow flowers; the twilight, when he and the bear lay down together in the hay of a lonely barn, or if they were rich, procured the privilege of a tavern kitchen with the splendor of the evening's performance? Oh, blessed days of journeying among simple adven-

tures, tramping all through the moon, or leading long hours and dreaming! Now, it was a group of children, laughing for glee at Mr. Jones' dancing, then a curious crowd in a sordid village street, enticed into merriment and self-forgetfulness by his antics. At another time Mr. Jones, sedate and full of decorous tricks, was solemnly exhibited in the inhabitants of a great country house. And there were the road houses at night. Here he and the bear would dance the "coquette" (learned in Paris), to the accompaniment of uproarious applause; and the harvest was rich, thrown clinking into the apron of Old Nita, one of the little troupe to which he belonged. All those were the gay nights!

Past the last few months his thoughts flew back to journeyings far and wide: white roads of Lorraine, a theatrical little village near Naples, in combat for honors on a market day; Holland, where the bear had stolen the little wooden shoes from the tulip-selling girl, and where they met the glancing Beau-Jean, and he, with his wife, Gunvieve, and the great, grizzly Koko had joined them. That made a company of six, for already there was Rico, his bear and his Anna, and Nita—that wicked Old Nita, who danced the "coquette" herself when they, bears and all, went late one night to the Bal Bodin in Montmartre.



Close to the Gateway, Her Purse Clapped Frantically to Her Bosom. Stood a Girl.

How funny she had looked, dancing, with her shapeless old mouth smiling! Tramp—tramp! The smell of their camp sharply across the autumn wind. Weeks of motion and of stances, and then at last the dying of the evening, the crowding and the jostling, and the great rush out upon the shore of some new land. On such a voyage it was that Carlos and Hermanna had joined them, bringing a cinnamon bear.

When had not those eight been—what were they had traveled together under sun and moon! This host of memories Pedro felt in their presence, in a single breath, as it were, burst of detail gave for some picture of a small incident or two, trivial, but never to be forgot. The heart of that past life he held for a moment in his own. Not now he could not give it up. And yet, this other call, which had been with him, it would seem, since birth, was now grown too strong for resistance. Before his eyes he must see the thought of his heart depleted by the labor of his brain and hand. He must paint! He was an artist, an artist!

"I will go!" said Pedro shudderingly. Then, as if shuddering the past, he squared his shoulders.

"Come!" said he to the animal. "We shall return to camp and tell them what we are going to do."

Not still he was within a hundred yards of the road did Pedro realize that he had been trespassing on what now evolved itself to be a country estate of some pretensions; and at this point the fact was made manifest by the sight of a cedar and birch hedge. Near by was a cloved gate, flanked by pillars of old brick and soapstone, giving access to a narrow footpath which wound along at the base of the hill he had just crossed.

Apparently he had been dreaming away the afternoon upon the farming section of the place. The sloping ground which lay between him and the hedge was smooth and soft, and tramped by it. Mr. Jones lay down and rolled a little way. Then he got up and trotted on some distance in advance of his master. The road was very near now, and there came a sound of pattering footsteps from it and the swirl of light garments. Through the somber evergreens Pedro could see a gleam of white, moving swiftly. Then came the noise of heavy tramping—a man's step this time—a man in haste at that. Then a woman screamed, her frightened cry ringing out sharply.

The bear, moved to curiosity by the sound, plunged through the hedge and

disappeared, and Pedro, grasping his staff like a dagger, set off down the slope at a run, reaching the hedge only a moment later than the bear. The fragrant branches whipped across the boy's face as he rushed past, emerging breathless upon the highway. A dramatic scene awaited him. Down the road a thoroughly frightened tramp was speeding from the terrifying and wholly unexpected apparition of the bear, a cloud of dust enveloping his horrified retreat. Close to the gateway, her purse clapped frantically to her bosom, stood a girl, bewildered and alarmed—a girl whom the last sunbeams bathed in glory, streaming from her hair that was "red gold, like joy." And to complete the picture, there stood Mr. Jones, erect upon his hind legs, his tongue lolling out and his clumsy paws waving from her to Pedro.

It was an introduction. That she was almost as much frightened by the bear as by the tramp, whose attempted robbery the animal's sudden appearance had frustrated, was clear. At sight of Pedro she screamed again.

"Oh! the bear! Help, help! Oh, take him away!" she cried. "Ah!" said Pedro sharply, addressing her. But Mr. Jones did not obey immediately, and for a moment the three stood as if transfixed. Then the bear dropped to all fours, and the spell of the tableau was broken.

"Oh, how fortunate that you were near!" she began breathlessly. "It was a tramp. He wanted my little silk purse. . . . but the bear frightened him away; he came so suddenly—the bear did, that is. In another instant that dreadful man would have had my bag. Not that I would have cared so much about the money, you know," she added a trifle apologetically, "but I have registered letters in it for my father. I have just come from the post office, and if they had been lost . . . perhaps, you do not understand English?"

"Oh, yes!" said Pedro, taking his eyes from her slender throat and flashing a brilliant smile at her. "Oh, yes, indeed, I understand you!"

"Then, please let me thank you," said she, her interest in him growing every moment.

"But there is nothing for which I may receive thanks!" he protested.

Actually, she seemed to consider the bear's introduction sufficient. But she had removed his wolf's coat hat and clasped it upon his heart with both hands. How she stared! Waiting for him to speak again, she gave her chin a tilt which accentuated that heavenly line. Involuntarily he pictured drapery behind it, his artist's soul longing to depict it. Like a Madonna.

"It should be blue!" he said aloud in a queer, choked voice.

"What did you say?" asked the girl with a puzzled expression.

At realization of his speech his confusion became complete, and suddenly his one idea was to escape her watchful eyes.

"—that is to say, er—it was Mr. Jones entirely," he stammered. "I did nothing, nada! It was all the bear."

"But he is your bear, evidently," she replied, "and I insist that he share the thanks with you."

"Thank you!" said Pedro eagerly. "You do not know the exquisite delight—er—ah—oh!"

Gulping, he sought to extricate himself from the awkwardness of the impulsive compliment he had half-shouted out.

"Forgive me, gracious lady, er—I must go now!" he finished lamely.

"Well, I give you my most grateful thanks, whether you take them or not," said she with a smile. But he was now too embarrassed to rally and did what one often does upon attaining a desired situation: became suddenly panicky and ran away from it.

"I shall hold your words in my heart," said he, and then, with a gesture half beseeching, half apologetic, and wholly graceful, he swept his hat upon his head, and, calling the bear, set off down the road.

The wording of his speech was odd and unexpected, and the manner of his departure so precipitant that it looked like a retreat. For as long as he remained in sight he stood gazing after him, her interest in him cemented by his flight. With a sigh she was scarcely conscious of uttering, so faint it was, she reluctantly turned in at the gate in the hedge and went slowly along the little winding path.

CHAPTER II.

A Belief in Signs.
But Pedro walked rapidly, so that the bear had difficulty in imitating the pace. The youth had now definitely made up his mind to take the new course of action, for this scene's vision of the beautiful lady had confirmed his resolution, and he felt he must get back to the others quickly, in order to tell them before he had time to change his mind. As he walked he kept muttering "blue, blue!" and his brows were knit furiously.

He had to pass some villas with a semi-suburban look about them, and then an elm-shaded street, where commerce and conservatism rubbed shoulders. Next, by switching off from this neighborhood, he passed between rows of frame houses, which diminished in their appearance of importance and prosperity the farther he went until finally the street, if such it could properly be called at this point, was fringed only by shacks that leaned ineffectively over the gutters, or braced themselves at a fearsome angle against the slanting little gardens at their backs.

When these humble habitations came to an end there stood an old barn and a stony field, scattered over with paper, rubbish and discarded cans. In the lee of the dilapidated building a

fire was burning upon the ground, and about it a group of people had gathered. Over the blaze a kettle had been hung, into which an old woman was throwing greens from her apron. Near her, his back against the barn, lay a giant of a man, with a patch over one eye. This was Beau-Jean, the mighty Provencal, who at this moment was engaged in carving an elaborate design upon the base of a bear-stave; while beside him lay the great animal whom he ruled, asleep with its nose tucked under its paws. Two younger women—Gunny, Beau-Jean's wife, and sturdy Hermanna, wife of Carlos (who lay asleep near by)—were mending their shoes. At a little distance, Anna, the pretty and irresponsible, was weaving a garland of bright, golden maple leaves, Rico watching adoringly, the while he pretended to be busy nursing the wounded paw of their animal. At sight and smell of his familiars Mr. Jones trotted up eagerly sniffing as he came. Old Nita aroused herself at his approach.

"Pedro, you have lost him! Look again, oh, careless one!" she cried; "some day he will betray you and be lost or worse get stolen!"

"Cross Old Nita!" replied Pedro, stepping into the lighted circle and smiling at her. "He is too fond of me to run away—aren't you, old fellow, eh? What's to eat?" he inquired, stooping over the kettle. "Greens! Is that all?"

"There is rye bread—a single loaf," responded Nita. "Thanks to your guff off by yourself, we have only taken in a few pennies all day!"

"You know very well, Aged One," responded Pedro, "that you take in as much alone as with me, or very nearly. And as for going off! Well, I have something to tell you, but all must hear. Let us gather together first, and eat."

So for the conversation had been in Spanish, the native tongue of these two. Now, as the conversation became general, they fell into a patois English, the language of the road sometimes slipping into French, some times back into Spanish, their talk being a polyglot as their origin.

"Now, do you want to hear, eh?" Pedro asked, addressing the company. "If so, I shall tell my plan."

Beau-Jean replied first, in his deep, husky voice.

"Let the little one tell his notion. The place of Pedro has brought many a laugh, and so many a coin from the crowd on the market street."

"My shoes will not stand another mending," said Hermanna. "If Pedro can tell a plan to get others I will heed."

"The lad has wit; did he not conceive the praying trick for Koko?" mumbled Old Nita. "Come, child, what has thy brain devised now to help us?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Pedro. "Why do you say these things on this



"Hast Thou Sinned, Even as I?"

night of all nights? I cannot endure it! Call me evil names, and abuse me, rather! Please! It is almost too hard for me to do, and yet I must! Alas! it is for myself only that I am planning—my notion will not help you, alas!"

He buried his face in his hands, and for a moment there was an astonished silence. Such an outburst of emotion on the part of their jocular Pedro was a thing undreamed of by any of them.

Into the silence the voice of Old Nita broke triumphantly.

"Hast thou sinned, even as I, that thou weepest so? What is it, Pedro of my heart?"

"No, no!" he cried, raising his head. "Not at all, but I have seen a line—an exquisite curve from an oval chin to the base of a white throat."

"Ah! In love!" exclaimed Rico and Anna simultaneously.

"No; again no!" cried Pedro. "I do not love it, but I've got to paint it!"

There was another interval of puzzled silence, broken this time by Beau-Jean.

"Oh, little Pedro," said he, "what do you mean by paint it?"

"Just that," said Pedro, striving to conquer his emotion. "I am going to be an artist, a painter. Don't you understand?"

The little group stirred relievedly. This was nothing so terrible, after all. Then for a few moments all spoke at once, voicing their relief. Hermanna's query made itself evident above the clamor of the rest.

"But why does this distress you so? Always, always you have made pictures. Pictures of us all, of everybody, of everybody, always, always scribbling little pictures upon bits of paper! Where is the trouble?"

"The trouble comes because I shall have to leave you all," said Pedro sadly. "I must go to the city, where

I can have the right things to work with—dark, color—color—color! I must learn about them. It will be hard, but I can do it."

"Go away! Leave them!" Such a clangor as they raised!

"I have tried not to do this," he said as soon as they let him speak, "but I can't help it. The art—it bosses me now!"

"But where shall you go?" asked Nita.

"To New York; it is nearest," replied Pedro.

"And how will you live?" from Carlos.

"I do not know."

"Who will teach you?" queried Hermanna.

"I do not know."

"And those colors, where will you get them?" asked Anna.

"I do not know."

"And knowing nothing, you are yet determined to go?" Beau-Jean demanded.

"Yes," answered Pedro, stubbornly. "Then," said Beau-Jean, with a sigh, "it is our plain duty to help you."

"How will you do so?" asked Pedro eagerly.

"I do not know that, either," responded Beau-Jean.

Next morning the eight set out together for the city. Whatever strange undertaking Pedro was considering, they would all go along and assist if possible. And so, without any idea save that of action, they set forth, determined though indignant.

The coppers of yesterday were all expended for breakfast, and the first step toward the beginning of a day being accomplished, they betook themselves to the railroad track and walked beside it. But noon came and passed and still no granite towers loomed before their expectant eyes. Finally, to rest themselves, they turned from the wearying, shining vista of rails, and seated themselves upon the dead grass beside the mile post, that bore the discouraging legend:

N. Y. 25 M.—Harrison 1 M.

By this time all were tired and hungry. Worse yet, the bears were hungry—a condition to be reckoned with before the need of the masters.

"Let us go," suggested Pedro, "into the town which this dusty road leads to, and dance the bears, pass the hat, and eat, eh?"

The suggestion needed no seconding. With groans and complaints they got to their feet again, and set off for the village.

But fate was not smiling upon them just then. The town was almost deserted at this hour. Besides which, near the end of the performance, Toto, who was supposed to "sing," raised his voice from his usual growling monotone to a hungry growl. That sent the watchers running off in all directions. Rusefully Old Nita counted the earnings.

"Only seven pennies in all," she complained. "Better to have rested beside the railroad."

"It is not enough to feed one bear," remarked Beau-Jean, "and I am as hungry as you."

Meanwhile Pedro was talking to himself. "You got them into this; otherwise they would have traveled the regular way. Now you get them out." Then Pedro noticed a dingy lunch wagon by the broken curb, some fifty feet away. At the entrance to it stood a fat man with a dismal, flabby face. His hands were tucked beneath an apron whose immaculate whiteness shone out conspicuously among the gray surroundings. The man was motionless, as though he had become petrified while waiting for customers who never came.

"Ah!" said Pedro aloud, "I have an idea! Stay where you are, all of you, until I beckon!"

Then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he strolled nonchalantly away in the direction of the lunch wagon.

It was a dingy affair, as has been said, and upon its tawdry sides the lettering had grown dim. Still, it was easy enough to make out the inscription:

—The Elite—
Pies, Coffee, Milk, Frankfurters

Over the doorway was an invitation to "walk in" and underneath this the owner's name—"Jaco Lovejoy, Prop."

—had been printed small. Pedro sidled up to the individual who, it would seem, bore this name and title.

"Business thriving 'bout here?" asked Pedro conversationally, by way of an opening.

The man gave him a glance, but without moving to do so.

"Nope!" he replied.

"What! In a place where travelers must pass so often?" Pedro exclaimed, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yep!" said the man, still motionless.

"What is the trouble? Are there no travelers?"

"Travelers, all right," said the fat man, "but no customers! No one stops here!"

"What's the trouble, do you think?" Pedro inquired.

"The lunch-wagon trust!" exclaimed the man. "I'm an independent, I am; but everywhere I go where there might be good business done—say a corner near a factory, or any such real wide-awake place—one of them trust wagons is there before me, all shined up and covered with gold paint and plate glass! A fellow like me ain't got no show."

"Why don't you spruce up a little, then, eh?" asked Pedro.

"Why don't you buy somehtn' so's I'll get the money for to buy the gold paint with?" retorted the other.

"Because I have no money," Pedro replied.

"Same reason here, in answer to your first," cried the fat man triumphantly.

"Supposing, now," said Pedro, "that I could put you on the right track to connecting with those trusts, eh?"

"What d'yer mean?" demanded the man.

"Those wagons of the trust—they are all alike!"

"Yes," said Mr. Lovejoy, "all the same, and very slick and fancy."

"Ah! Then what you want is something entirely different from



"You Win!" He Said to Pedro.

them; something to make people notice you."

"Sure, but what?"

"That," replied Pedro, "is just what I can tell you. I have a proposition to make."

The man scowled at him for a moment, as though wondering at the imprudence of this whippersnapper's of feeling to deal with him. Then Pedro looked at him, and smiled one of those vivid, startling smiles that were peculiar to him, and usually took people unawares, making them smile back at him before they really knew what they were doing. Nor did it fall this time.

The flaccid face of the lunch-wagon man expanded into a broad grin.

"That's it!" exclaimed Pedro.

"That's what?" asked the man, growing serious again.

"Oh, don't spoil it!" cried the lad, "that smile is just what you need to attract customers!"

This time the man laughed.

"Well," said he, "what is your proposition, young one?"

"I have some friends with me," began Pedro; "all those over there and the bears. We are all hungry, see? Now I will paint you a picture on the side of your wagon, and also I will paint for you a new sign; and if, when I have finished, you agree that the sign and the picture will bring you customers in the future, you will feed us all, not forgetting the bears, eh?"

The fat man considered a long time before replying, and Pedro watched him anxiously.

"Well," he said at last, "the old dog-wagon couldn't look no worse'n it do now; an' my stock what I have laid in will get spoiled if it don't get eat. You can have a try, young one, if you like."

"Hurrah!" said Pedro, and hurried over to tell Nita and the others.

A musty hardware store that also sold grain and lumber, furnished a few crude materials. The fat man paid for them, and Pedro carried them over to the cart and set to work.

"Hesio, one thing," he begged of his proprietor, "don't you look till all is finished."

"All right," agreed the man, "I'll sit here just inside the door, and read outer the paper till you're done."

Pedro answered nothing, but gave a glance at a little mirror that hung just opposite to where the unconscious Mr. Lovejoy sat, whipped off the old green coat and began working frantically.

The proprietor settled himself on the little stool near the door, and, faithful to his promise, unfolded a pink evening paper. Cautiously, and speaking not at all, Old Nita drew near, leading Mr. Jones. They sat down in the dust beside the stop and watched Pedro in silence. Then came Beau-Jean and Koko, followed by Gunny, who settled themselves beside the old woman. Before half an hour was gone all the town, for the first time in the lunch wagon's history, had clustered before its door. As for Pedro, he had forgotten that there was a world which might come to gape and criticize. He was working.

But if the painter was unconscious of the crowd, the proprietor was not. Twice he wanted to move, but dared not; and as the crowd increased, so did his impatience.

For half an hour longer or more Pedro worked, glancing now and then at the little mirror just inside the door, in which Mr. Lovejoy's unconscious face was reflected. There began to be an occasional tittering from the crowd, and then, later, spontaneous bursts of laughter.

"When kin I come out?" cried Mr. Lovejoy at intervals, and—

"Wait," commanded Pedro. Feverishly he added the finishing touches to his production, and then at length stood back and invited his patron to descend. As the fat man came down the steps there was a little burst of applause which he was at a loss to understand until he stood before his transformed place of business.

All the old lettering, already faint, had been obliterated, and in the center of the largest space was a portrait of himself—a large, laughing portraiture, just like him, yet irresistibly merry. It was a face at which one instantly smiled in sympathy; indeed it wore the very "smile to attract cus-

tomers," as Pedro had said. Over this extraordinary production Pedro had painted in neat, black letters:

1. Lovejoy
Eating Is Joyful
Come in and Eat—
I Love to See You Do It

Then underneath:
Lovejoy's Luscious Lunches

After a moment of spellbound silence, the fat man drew a long breath. "You win!" he said to Pedro, a smile like that in the picture overspreading his large countenance.

In a second the square was in an uproar, the crowd expressing its delight noisily. Mr. Lovejoy fed them all generously. Then, just as the weary Pedro was accepting a cup of coffee and a gigantic plateful of doughnuts from the hand of his patron, the whirr of an automobile caused him to look around. All unperceived, it had been standing near for some time, and now bestirring itself at the approach of the train it had come to meet. As it moved away, a girl in the rear seat stood up for a last backward look at the little crowd, and then, against the clear, blue of the sky, Pedro beheld a fleeting vision of red-gold hair.

CHAPTER III.

A Loss and a Find.
"I am sure that there must be color in our souls," said Iris Vanderpool.

